

*Recollections*

OF A

*Pioneer Minister  
and His Work*

*By His Wife*





THE REV. JAMES FARQUHARSON, B.A., D.D.



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## Pioneer Minister and His Work

By his Wife

The winter of 1878-79 was the first that white settlers spent west of the Pembina River in Manitoba. There were two small groups, each group numbering fewer than half a dozen. Mrs. Beveridge, the wife of one of the members of one of the groups, was the only woman. She was the first white woman to cross the Pembina, and to continue to reside in the district. Settlements soon followed these groups. Meanwhile the churches in the older provinces watched with interest the growing settlements in the West.

In the spring of 1880 the Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church, true to its policy of following the settlers with a preached Gospel, appointed James Farquharson to labor as a Missionary in the prairie country. The choice of a field for him was left with the Presbytery of Manitoba, which Presbytery recommended Rock Lake as a needy district. Mr. Farquharson reached Winnipeg in the month of April. As there was no railroad communication with Rock Lake, he bought a horse and saddle in Winnipeg, thinking the horse would convey him to his field, and afterwards do duty for the summer's work.

Mounting his horse, he turned his face in a southerly direction, but had scarcely got beyond the bounds of the city when what seemed to be almost an insuperable barrier presented itself. There was no bridge across the Assiniboine River, and the spring weather was melting the ice, making it unsafe to attempt to cross. The Missionary returned to Manitoba College, where he met Dr. Bryce, to whom he described the situation. Dr. Bryce having had experience in crossing the river under similar conditions, secured the services of three Metis. After attaching long ropes to either side of the horse's bridle, two men

each took hold of one of the ropes, got into a boat and rowed across a stretch of open water till they were stopped by solid ice, and separated for a considerable distance. When they were thus in position, the third man drove the horse into the water, so that the poor animal had to swim for his life. The men on the ice, by means of the ropes, guided him towards the ice on which they stood. On reaching it he very willingly scrambled up its rugged side. A second stretch of open water was overcome in like manner, and the horse climbed the bank with no other injury than a scratch on one of his feet.

The Missionary again mounted his horse and turned his face in a south-westerly direction. Unbridged creeks and coulees had to be crossed, but no obstacle daunted the intrepid rider and his horse. After riding over the open prairie for a few days, he came in sight of what appeared to be a channel of a river of enormous size. It proved to be the valley of the Pembina River. The valley was of varying width, from three-quarters of a mile to a mile wide, and the height of its banks not much short of 300 feet. When he had crossed the river, usually a small stream, and climbed its farthest bank he was in the parish, whose spiritual wants had called him to the West.

On the last day of April he reached the home of Mr. Butchart, one of the pioneer farmers of the district. The settlement was so new that very few had raised even a small crop, consequently oats were scarce and dear. The Missionary came to the conclusion that his horse would either eat the price of his head or starve, so the animal was sold, and the Missionary had no means of transportation save his own sturdy limbs.

Writing home after he had been two weeks in the field he said, "I have been disappointed in getting my trunk, so that I have no books save the Testament I carried in my pocket. I have no old sermons, and I can get no paper on which to write new ones, and I have no clothes but these I am wearing." There was no public building of any kind in the settlement, not even a school house, so that services had to be held in the small homes of the settler.

In the Goudney District the people had gathered together and organized a Sunday School, which was attended by both old and young. The meetings were held in a bachelor's shack. R. J. Duncan was the owner of the shack, and Messrs. Donald Shaw and James Murdoch were the first superintendents of the little school.

Mr. Farquharson was anxious to get acquainted with the needs of the field assigned to him, so as to get his work arranged for the summer months, hence during the month of May much travelling was done, and all on foot, with the exception of the visit to Turtle Mountain, some sixty or seventy miles distant. Mr. Shaw, with his team of mules, drove him to that place. On their way west they had to cross Crystal Creek, usually a small stream, but at that time so swollen by the June rains that Mr. Shaw had difficulty in preventing his mules from drowning.

On Sunday, June 13th, the Missionary made the following announcement: Will preach on Sunday, June 20th, at Mr. Davis' at 10 o'clock. At Mr. Allen's at 2.30. At Mr. Weaver's at 6 o'clock. On June 27th at Turtle Mountain. On Sunday, July 4th, at Mr. McQuarrie's at 10 o'clock. At Mr. James Murdoch's at 2.30. At Cypress Crossing at 6 o'clock. On Sunday, July 11th, at Silver Springs at 10.30. At Mr. Beveridge's at 2.30. At Mr. Fiddler's at 6 o'clock.

The Sunday services involved preaching three times, and walking from ten to twenty miles. The week days were mostly spent in visiting the people and conducting a prayer meeting. The fatigue of so much walking was threatening to use up the Missionary and unfit him for work. So he procured an Indian pony for the remainder of the season. Billy was very slow, but riding on his back was less fatiguing than walking. Towards the end of August a communion service was held—the first in the district. The people gathered together in the home of James Fraser, and about thirty sat down to the Lord's table. The wine used was elderberry wine, which Mrs. Alex. Murdoch brought with her from Paisley. After the service, managers were elected. The people seemed quite

encouraged and immediately began to make preparations for the support of a minister among themselves.

Toward the end of September the Missionary returned to Toronto. By this time a stage had begun to run to Emerson, but it was too costly for the pocket of a poor Missionary, and as he had walked so much during the summer, he could walk to Emerson. His trunk was sent ahead with an ox team, which was going to Emerson for supplies. He set out on a Monday morning in the midst of pouring rain. The first day he walked a distance of forty-five miles. On the second day he was nearing Emerson, very weary and his feet were bleeding, when by chance a fanning mill peddler passed that way. He poured no oil on the wounded feet, but he gave the travel stained Missionary a ride to Emerson. From there he took train for Duluth, where there was a delay of a few days waiting for a boat.

Thus ended the first summer's mission work in the Rock Lake District.

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A year later, the large district, now somewhat organized, called their late Missionary to be their Minister. On the 18th of November we were married in my childhood's home, in the County of Kent, Ontario, near Chatham, and on the 6th of December took train for what was at that time spoken of as "The Wild and Woolly West." My mother and other dear friends accompanied us to the railroad station to say farewell and bid us "bon voyage."

Just before I said good-bye to my mother, I overheard a friend say to her, "Mrs. Coutts, it's hard to part with your daughter and see her go so far away." I did not catch my mother's full reply, but this much I heard: "Yes, but I consider it a privilege to let her go on such a mission." "Privilege" was the word in her reply I heard most distinctly. The good-byes were said, we stepped on the train, the whistle blew, and we were off, but that word "privilege," my mother's benediction, went with us, and it followed us through life. I never saw my mother again, but the memory of that parting never lost its influence.



We travelled through the United States, via Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and on Saturday evening, December 10th, we reached Winnipeg. Mr. Farquharson had written to an old college companion, Professor R. Y. Thompson, asking him to meet us at the station, also to secure a room for us in a hotel. He met us, but failed to secure a room, as the city was filled with people. Hotels were using the floors of sitting-rooms for sleeping accommodation. The city, and indeed the whole country, was in the grip of a real estate boom. We went with Mr. Thompson to his boarding house, and afterwards learned that he slept on a couch so as to put his bedroom at our disposal.

Mr. Thompson suggested that we accompany him the next morning, as he drove down the Red River to the Kildonan Church. Gladly did we accept his invitation, for was there not charm in the very words "Red River." Whittier, the poet, had immortalized both it and the Bells of St. Boniface in his beautiful poem—The Red River Voyageur. The first lines of the poem came to mind:

Out and in, the river is winding,  
The links of its long red chain,  
Through belts of dusky ~~dark~~ land,  
And gusty leagues of plain.

But as we drove down it the next morning in the cutter, the red links had become solid ice, and were pure white. I still feel the thrill of that drive through the bright sunshine and clear crisp atmosphere. Were we not driving on the Red River down to Kildonan? Was not Kildonan the home of these sturdy Lord Selkirk settlers, who had left their homes among the hills and dales of Scotland, to come to this far new land, where they hoped to delve a new and kindly soil, and build for themselves homes that would bring to them richer rewards for their toil? We thought of their long hard perilous journey ere they reached the banks of the Red River, of how petition after petition had been sent to the church of their fathers asking for a minister of their own faith—petitions that failed to reach their destination. We thought of how just thirty years before this their prayers had been answered, and John

Black was sent to them from Toronto. Their pastor who had grown old in their service was ill, and Mr. Thompson was supplying his pulpit.

In due time we arrived at the old stone church, and after the service accompanied Mr. Thompson to the manse, where we met the aged pioneer, now Dr. Black, "the Apostle of the Red River." We thought of the time it had taken him to travel from Toronto to the Red River, two or three months, while we had covered the same distance in a few days. In the following February Dr. Black was laid to rest in Kildonan Cemetery, the Westminster Abbey of the new land.

On our return journey that afternoon we passed the site of the battle of Seven Oaks, or more properly, skirmish, which took place between the two rival fur trading companies—the Hudson's Bay and the North West Company—and in the evening we heard the bells of St. Boniface peal forth their beautiful chimes. Whittier, who had never seen the Red River, had heard of Kildonan's long wait for a minister, and he had also heard of "the light-hearted Metis singing their paddle song as they rowed over the water," and both made a strong appeal to him.

Is it the clang of the wild geese?  
Is it the Indian's yell?  
That lends to the voice of the north wind,  
The tones of a far off bell.

The voyageur smiles as he listens,  
To the sounds that grow apace,  
Well he knows the vesper ringing  
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,  
That call from their turrets twain,  
To the boatmen on the river,  
To the hunter on the plain.

Eleven years later the following item appeared in the columns of the Manitoba Free Press:

"Archbishop Tache received a grateful letter from John Greenleaf Whittier, in honor of whose 84th birthday His Grace had, upon the suggestion of Lieutenant-Governor John Shultz, caused the Bells of St. Boniface to be rung. U.S. Consul Taylor had acquainted the

veteran poet with the fact that the compliment had been paid him, and the following letter followed in due course:

"I express to thee my heartfelt thanks for thy pleasant recognition of my little poem, "The Red River Voyageur," written nearly forty years ago. I have reached an age (84) when literary success and manifestations of popular favor have ceased to satisfy one upon whom the solemnity of life's sunset is resting, but such a beautiful tribute has deeply moved me. I shall never forget it."

During our brief stay in Winnipeg we met a few persons with whom friendships were begun, that later developed into lifetime attachments, tender and true, which greatly enriched our lives.

Manitoba Presbytery was in session, the only one between the Great Lakes and the Mountains, and we attended its meetings. The call from the Rock Lake people was placed in Mr. Farquharson's hands. He accepted the call so unanimously given, and preparations were at once made for the journey—a distance of 150 miles by the route we followed. A horse, cutter and buffalo robes were purchased, my trunk was strapped to the back of the cutter, and on the 19th of December we set out. For the first few miles we travelled through scrub land, and were sheltered from the wind, but soon we reached the open prairie. It seemed bare and uninhabited, but the "encircling vastness" thrilled me. It spoke of immensity, boundlessness, eternity. The tiny shack of the settler, scattered at long intervals on the great snowclad prairie seemed like little dots that might have been dropped from the clouds. We drove nineteen miles that afternoon, and spent the night with a French family on the bank of the Red River.

I think it was on the third day that we reached Morris, where we were kindly and hospitably entertained by Rev. J. and Mrs. Douglas. I recollect that Mr. Douglas was a very firm believer in the second coming of Christ. He told us he could not sing the lines of the hymn,

"When this poor lisping stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave"

because he hoped his tongue would never be silent in the grave. Although he lived to be a very old man he did ultimately go the way that all flesh has gone.

The next day a high wind was blowing, which seemed to penetrate every scrap of clothing we wore, yet we succeeded in reaching West Lynn. We spent the night in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, over whose door an invitation was written to the weary traveller to rest awhile.

We left Rev. Mr. Scott's home knowing that we must pass through a Mennonite settlement, and spend the night in it. As my husband had passed through the Mennonite settlement the previous year, he was acquainted with the kind of accommodation they afforded travellers, but gave no hint of it to me. However, he told me that a Canadian kept a stopping place for the accommodation of travellers, and he gave me my choice of spending the night with the Canadians or with the Mennonites.

The previous summer the Toronto Globe had published an account of a visit Lord Dufferin, at that time Governor-General of Canada, had made to these interesting people. He had spoken of them as pacifists, told also that although they were farmers their houses were grouped together in villages. As I had been deeply interested in Lord Dufferin's account of the Mennonites, I was anxious to meet them, so chose to spend the night among them.

As we approached their villages they seemed to me to present the appearance of a group of haystacks. This was because their houses had never been painted, and they were thatched with hay. Just as daylight was fading from the prairie we drove up to the door of a house. A patriarchal looking old man opened the door. To Mr. Farquharson's inquiry, "Can you put a couple up for the night?" came a hearty "Ya, ya." Thus encouraged, we disentangled ourselves from the buffalo robes, and stepped out of the cutter. Another man led our horse into one end of the building, while we followed the old Mennonite into the other end. He guided us through a room, where eight or ten young Canadians were sitting enjoying their pipes, into

one occupied by the women and children of the household. There we were invited to lay off our wraps and be seated. The women regarded us as objects of curiosity, and asked many questions regarding the homes and the land we had left. As far as we could see there were only two rooms in the part of the building intended for the family, and one of these was occupied by the young Canadian men. In neither were there any visible beds, and as I was very tired, I began to wonder where we were to sleep. Our host noticed my drowsy condition, and sympathetically told me he would prepare a bed for me of the best he had in the house. He then proceeded to the room where the men were sitting, and took two wooden benches, putting them together with their backs outward. On these he spread hay which he brought from the loft above us. The women then supplied him with two blue and white checked linen sheets, spun and woven from their own flax, and pillows to match. Then turning to the minister he said that was all he could do, and we must supply the blankets.

We had nothing with us, save the buffalo robes and my trunk strapped to the back of the cutter. The minister went out and brought in a robe and spread it over the bed. My bed was now ready, but the eight men were still sitting there. Our host assured me that he had really given me the best he had in the house, and I might now retire.

When I looked in consternation at a bed in a room where eight men were sitting, coolly enjoying themselves, he explained that when I was ready he would take the light out of the room. So with fear and trembling lest I should stumble over one of the men, I made my way in the dark to this novel bed. When I was safely under the robe the light was brought back. Peeping from beneath the buffalo robe, I saw the men scattering hay over the floor and lying down on it without undressing. In a short time I fell asleep, but was soon awakened by the intense heat and a sickening feeling of suffocation. The room was unventilated, and was heated by a large clay oven, in which straw was the fuel burned, and put into the oven from the outside by means of a pitchfork.

In due time morning dawned. The men rose early and continued their journey, and we were left in possession of the room. Before I was out of bed the Mennonite appeared with a tin basin full of water and a blue and white checked towel. He informed me that I was honored in being the first person to use the towel. Unmolested, we dressed for breakfast.

The old adage, "live and learn" was applicable, as we had learned that a Mennonite's mode of making a partition was to take the light out of the room.

The morning was bright and beautiful, and after a breakfast of bread, butter, boiled eggs and coffee, we continued our journey. After a drive of two days over trails that were anything but good for the runners of a cutter, we reached what is now Manitou. There was a post office in the district known as Archibald. Here we spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Campbell, in which were included Christmas and New Year's Day, our first Christmas in the great lone land.

That New Years' Day was a memorable one for Western Canada. On it the vigorous, energetic, indomitable "Van Horne" began his work as General Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and before the end of the year four hundred and seventeen miles of railroad construction were completed on the prairie west of Winnipeg.

The day on which we continued our journey was clear and bright, and as we crossed the hills of the Pembina river the afternoon sun played hide and seek on its tree-clad banks. Memory still recalls the beauty of that scene. We had not expected such variety on the prairie. Never had we seen more beautiful skies. Fleecy clouds piled themselves into church spires, castles and figures of many a shape, while the glories of the sunset brought to mind the lines of the poet:

"There are Thy glorious works,  
Parent of good, Almighty,  
Thine this universal frame so wondrous fair,  
Thyself how wondrous then!"

As we drove on, another object caught our eye. Was it one of the mounds built by the first dwellers on the plain in which they buried their dead? It

guided us to our destination as it had guided the settlers before us, and for this reason it was named "Pilot Mound." A little hamlet had grown up at the foot of the hill. It contained, a general store, a blacksmith shop, a drug store, post office, and a school house. The latter was built of logs, Red River style—that is, set on end. It was doing duty as both school house and church. In this building two days after our arrival, Mr. Farquharson was inducted as minister of a far stretching parish.

To take part in the induction service came Mr. Scott from West Lynn, nearly one hundred miles distant, Mr. Ross from Carman, sixty or seventy miles away, and Mr. Borthwick, from Mountain City, some forty-five miles distant, each driving with horse and cutter.

In the evening a reception for the newly inducted minister and his wife was held in a little hall above the post office. These pioneer women were not behind in the culinary art, and it was indeed a feast of good things that was set before us that night. The singers of the parish had gathered together and formed themselves into a choir, so that the music was of a high order. As far as I can remember the speakers for the evening were Rev. John Brown and Thos. Greenway, afterwards the Hon. Thos. Greenway, Premier of Manitoba. The people were hearty and enthusiastic. I still recall the thrill of the many warm handshakes I received, with the salutation, "You are welcome to Manitoba."

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And now the minister's work was about to begin—to begin almost where he had left off fifteen months earlier. But if he is to work, he must have a place in which to prepare his work, a place in which to live.

On our arrival in Pilot Mound the settlement was in its infancy, and house accommodation was necessarily limited, as the settlers had provided only the barest accommodation for their own families. In a prairie country where timber is found only adjacent to streams, it is no easy matter to get material with which to build houses for either man or beast, con-

sequently no house was available for our use. Fortunately Mrs. Beveridge opened her small home for our accommodations and in it we spent eight months. Our room was small and was partitioned from the next one by a bit of rag carpet. The substitute for a door was also a bit of rag carpet. The room did duty as bedroom, sitting room and study. Besides the bed, stove and chair, there was no furniture except a small packing box which was fitted up as a wash stand. It was also used as a table for writing purposes.

When Rev. John Gibson came on May 24th. to take part of the work, Mrs. Beveridge found room for him also. The space allotted to him for sleeping accommodation was a little corner curtained off upstairs. This room being reached by means of a ladder, had such limited space that it was necessary for us to share our small room with Mr. Gibson as sitting room and study. Looking back on it now, I wonder how the ministers ever managed to prepare sermons under such conditions, but I do remember that the sermons of both were of a high order.

Mr. Gibson went to Deniarara as a Missionary, where he died after a few years of noble service. He was a man of fine personality and rare gifts. In his removal we lost a warm personal friend.

The induction service was on Wednesday, and on the following Sunday the minister formally began his work. In the intervening days he had mapped out a plan for the Sunday services. The parish was divided into seven stations—three on one side of the field and four on the other, so that no station got service oftener than fortnightly.

Mr. Beveridge, with whom we made our home, had been in the country long enough to raise a crop of wheat. His farming operations were carried on with the aid of a yoke of oxen, which could trot, and were commonly known as "Beveridge's horses." The stable in which the oxen and a couple of cows were sheltered, also our good pony, Tom, was a log building with a straw roof, but when spring time came, the rains made sad havoc of the interior. Our new stove was stored in the stable for lack of a better place,



and when we came to use it, it was with much difficulty that the rust was removed, in fact it was never completely cleaned.

It was the 18th of August before we secured a house in which to set up housekeeping. When we moved into it, Mr. Gibson went with us. The house was built by an enterprising Winnipegger for renting. The difficulty of drawing lumber a distance of ninety miles over a road on which little or no labor had been expended, and part of which was an alkali swamp, prevented his getting sufficient material with which to complete the house. When we moved in, it had a good roof but the only shelter the walls interposed between us and the weather consisted of half inch lumber nailed on the inside of the scantling. The lumber was of inferior quality and was full of pine knots. Moreover there were more spaces left for windows than there were window frames to fill, consequently boards were nailed on the inside of the open spaces. That happened to be a wet fall and the rain was constantly pouring in at the pine holes and window spaces. I recollect that one morning during a thunder storm I caught four large pails of water in the house. It will not be surprising that I was in somewhat of a complaining mood and thought it rather hard to pay \$12.00 a month for such accommodation. My husband in a jocular manner, tried to sooth my irritated feelings by suggesting that the high rental was due to the fact that water was brought into the house. However, I was not appreciative of waterworks of that kind.

When November frosts appeared we had to vacate the house. Mr. Butchart took pity on our forlorn condition and offered us a couple of rooms in his home on the homestead. This he did with great inconvenience to himself. We spent a comfortable winter, and in the spring built a house for ourselves, in which we continued to live for nearly twenty-four years.

On the day on which Mr. Farquharson was installed as minister of the district, an arrangement was made by which he was to perform a marriage ceremony a few days later. This wedding was in the home of Mr. James Laidlaw, of Clearwater. Attend-

ing it gave me my first drive of any length in the new parish. There was a large gathering of friends and we met some interesting people, notably Mr. and Mrs. Hettle. Some years after that event Mr. Hettle was elected to represent the Boissevain district in the provincial legislature, and continued to represent it during his life time.

Weddings were numerous during our first winter, and there are a few which occupy a conspicuous place in my memory. The second of these took place in a district known as Glendenning, some forty miles north west of Pilot Mound, I think in the month of February. The day set proved to be very cold, the mercury standing 30 degrees below zero, with a biting blast from the north west. I accompanied the minister eight miles of the journey, and stayed until his return with Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Thomson, in their cosy home. Their farm, beautifully situated on the banks of the Pembina River, they ultimately sold to Mr. Walton, who had retired from some department of government service in India.

The contracting parties to the wedding were a widower and a young girl and the ceremony took place in the home of the bride. When it was over the bridegroom informed the minister that he had forgotten his purse. However, the absence of the purse had some advantages, as the bridegroom was known to be rather fond of a glass and the wedding with the purse would have made an occasion. The marriage ceremony did not occupy more than a few minutes, but two days were spent by the minister in journeying there and back again.

The third of these weddings was arranged for the 12th. of April, in the home of a homesteader, where the town of Mather is now situated. Although late in the season there was still a quantity of snow on the ground. On the morning of the 12th. we set out in the cutter, but before noon the sun was making sad havoc of the sleighing, and when passing near what is now Crystal City, suddenly one side of the cutter plunged into a hole and the driver was thrown out into the slush, getting arms and legs quite wet. But the discomfort had to be endured.

In due time we reached the home in which the ceremony was to take place. The bride had arrived from Ontario on the previous day, having driven all the way from Emerson—one hundred miles. The wedding ceremony over, the dinner past, (and there was no lack of good things for dinner) we said good-bye to our friends and turned our faces towards Pilot Mound, but the roads were so bad it was midnight e're we got home. To avoid crossing a creek we took the commission trail—a much travelled road. There was a great depth of snow on it, but it was very soft. Occasionally the horse's feet would break through and go to the bottom, so that there was a danger of legs being broken, and in order to avoid such a calamity, the horse could be driven at no quicker pace than a walk.

I have referred to the wedding at Glendenning; shortly before it took place and in equally cold weather, the pioneer minister was called to officiate at the funeral of two small children by the name of Cumming, who had died of diphtheria in that district. The thermometer stood in the neighborhood of 40 below zero, and he was absent two days, but it was a labor of love, and a great satisfaction to be able to bring some comfort to the bereaved parents.

In the large parish three school sections had been formed and three schoolhouses built, small log structures, but in each of these a service was held. The four other services were held in the small homes of settlers. It was not until the month of March that we were exposed to the rigors of a real blizzard. On the afternoon of the 19th we went out about three miles in an easterly direction, to pay a pastoral visit. Mrs. Beveridge accompanied us. We had not been very long in Mr. Robertson's home before we suspected that a storm was brewing, yet we yielded to the kindly and insistent invitation to stay and have tea with the family. After supper Tom was hitched to the cutter and we started for home. Daylight was beginning to fade, the snow was falling thick and fast, and was being drifted hither and thither by the wind, and poor Tom had difficulty in keeping the trail. It

was my first experience of being overtaken in a blizzard and I still remember the strange sensation it gave me. It seemed as if we were in the midst of boundless space and that we might wander endlessly in that awful void. Fortunately good old faithful Tom did keep the trail until it turned and we faced the storm. Then the snow came with such pelting force that we were almost blinded. When crossing a small creek, Tom missed the bridge, consequently floundered in the deep snow. Mrs. Beveridge and I were frightened, and as we saw a glimmer of light in a little shack near by, we made our way to it. It proved to be Matthew Blackburn's home, and we were very kindly received. The minister succeeded, in making his way to a house a few rods farther on, where there was a stable. In the home in which Mrs. Beveridge and I had taken refuge, there was only one bed, and our presence increased the family to six in number, but our kind hostess was equal to the occasion. The bed had two mattresses, one was taken off and placed on the floor, and on it the father and his little three year old child slept, while the three women and the baby occupied the bed, a drapery of sheets attached to a rafter made a partition between the beds. You may imagine how much we slept, but we were sheltered from the storm. That was before the days of bedsprings and ostermoor mattresses.

When Mr. Blackburn arose next morning and opened the door, he was confronted by a wall of snow. The snow covered also the one little window in the shack. He at once realized that we were snowed in. There was no large shovel in the house, so Mr. Blackburn made use of the small fire shovel to shovel the snow inside, while the women put a boiler on the stove, and with the aid of a dust pan got the snow into it. Mr. Blackburn was still digging his way out when the minister came around to take us home. Grasping the situation he succeeded in procuring a shovel, and set to work to reduce the huge mountain of snow. After a time the two men met and the prisoners were released. It was a beautiful morning, calm and bright, and the great wreaths of immaculate snow were as peaceful looking as though they had been sleeping there for ages.

When spring time came the prairie assumed a different appearance. Before coming west I had pictured it a dead level, but I discovered that there is scarcely a part of it that is not undulating to some extent. As we journeyed over it, we noticed perpetual change in the aspect of the surroundings, and the flowers which decked its surface gave it an indescribable charm. I was constantly reminded of Bryant's poem:

"These are the gardens of the desert,  
These the unshorn fields boundless and beautiful,  
For which the speech of England has no name."

and the wealth of flowers over which we drove did indeed seem to "rival the constellations."

Again and again as we passed by mounds of rich looking soil, we wondered if some one had been digging the earth, but we soon learned that it was the wily little gopher that had "mined the ground" and we wondered if Bryant's guess had had any foundation. "The gopher mines the ground where stood their swarming cities." Could it be possible that a race had once inhabited these prairies, and had become so altogether extinct that no trace of them was to be found?

It was on the 24th of May that Mr. Gibson was sent for the summer months by the Home Mission Committee, not to lessen the pioneer minister's work, but in order that the people of his parish might have more frequent services. Just before his arrival, the minister had driven to Emerson, nearly one hundred miles, from which point he took train to Winnipeg to attend an important meeting held in the interests of Mission Work in the new land. Although the season was far advanced, almost every house in Emerson had a boat tied to its door. The reason was quite apparent—very high water in the Red River, which is still remembered as the Great Flood, had swollen the river to such an extent that steamers on its waters could, and did, ply safely two miles or more from the river's usual channel. The inhabitants of Emerson were compelled to live in upper storeys of their homes, and all communication with neighbors was by boat.

Well, that flood burst the bubble! I have mentioned that when we arrived in Winnipeg the previous December, the city was in the grip of a land boom. This was true of the whole country, although it was more highly developed in Winnipeg, where fortunes were made in a day, and in many cases, lost as quickly. But its influence was felt on every farm. Go where you would, the whole talk was of the price of land. Men hoped to sell their farms for fabulous prices.

If the influence of the frenzy had been toward the greater production of food for mankind it might have resulted in much good, but unfortunately it was all in the opposite direction. This was very evident from the number of village sites that were surveyed and staked into lots, but on most of which no village ever grew. These conditions developed an intense spirit of speculation. The pioneer minister felt a call not only to raise his voice against this enormous craving for wealth, but also to show, if possible, by his own life, that in his judgment there is much that is infinitely better.

The opportunity to endure hardness along with his people came sooner than was expected. In 1883 one of the finest crops that ever grew was smitten in a night. That night, September 6th, stands out clearly in my memory. The members of our small household were invited to partake of the evening meal with our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Brown and family, who lived on a farm about three miles east of Pilot Mound. The road allowances were not opened up at that early period, but instead trails were made over the prairie through fields in any direction to suit the convenience of the settlers. The trail that led to Mr. Brown's house passed through grain fields so luxuriant that horses were almost hidden from view by the standing grain through which they passed.

As we left home about five in the evening the departing sun shone in all its glory, and the air crisp and cool betokened frost. Although the 6th of September the grain was still uncut, because the farmers in their lack of experience in the new land, were waiting for their beautiful fields to develop a deeper yellow ere the reaper began its work. On our arrival at Mr.

Brown's home we received the hearty welcome of the pioneer, "Glad to see you! How are you?" And then with anxiety in his voice, "Do you think there will be frost tonight?" That question was probably asked by every farmer in the community on that fateful night. Mr. Brown had been a Congregational minister, who had come to Manitobā in search of better health. His farm was probably selected because a creek meandered through it, which it was hoped would supply the stock with water. In those days of experimenting, farming always furnished a fruitful topic of conversation, but on that evening the conversation was not confined to farm experiences. Both the ex-minister and the pioneer minister were fond of books, so that both books and the current events of the day were discussed. Mr. Brown's house was larger than the usual home of the pioneer. It boasted two rooms on the ground floor, with sleeping accommodation above.

Game was plentiful and the close season was short, so that night we dined on prairie chicken potpie, and products of the farm—bread from the previous season's wheat and vegetables from the garden—an appetising meal.

It was a night of bright moonlight, and on our return journey moon and stars seemed to shine with unwonted splendor, but alas, the biting air assured us that when next morning's sun rose its rays would shine on fields whitened by the dreaded frost. How distinctly I remember that morning. The result of a season's work shattered in a night. Alas, for the fond hopes of golden grain hauled to market and exchanged for golden coins. Alas, for the hopes of the settler to barter his wheat for money that would procure more comfort for the home and in due time a house to replace the sod roofed shack.

It was a bitter disappointment, but the settlers did not repine nor become discouraged. The grain was threshed but it was not marketable at a price to make it worth hauling twenty-five miles to market. Now, the farmer purchases his flour, but at that time he hauled a load of wheat to the old fashioned mill at Pilot Mound, operated by the White Bros. The old stone process for grinding wheat made a poor job of grind-

ing frozen wheat. The flour tried the skill of the housewife to make palatable bread, the strength seemed to be frozen out of it, and dark and heavy loaves were the result of the baker's efforts. However, the frozen wheat made good chicken feed and many a farmer's wife extended her poultry yard, and from its proceeds procured groceries and other necessities for the use of the household.

For several years frosts came almost every alternate year. Such experiences were hard to bear, but with wonderful courage the farmer worked on, and in time his efforts were rewarded. A larger acreage of fall plowing enabled him to sow his grain earlier in the spring, and an earlier variety of wheat overcame the frost bugbear. The increased area of cultivation also steadied the temperature and helped to keep the frost in abeyance.

I think it was about a year after our settlement, that Mr. Todd came from Scotland to undertake Mission work in the new country. Shortly after his arrival the pioneer minister and he set out to do some prospecting. They were absent two or three days, and I recollect when they returned Mr. Todd said to me, "Well, Mrs. Farquharson, we have experienced both soft glory and hard glory." This was the explanation. The first night had been spent in a kindly home in which the accommodation was rather limited. Jimmie, a Scotchman, occupied the home with the family. His apartment was up in the loft, in which there was only one bed, and it he resigned in order that the ministers might be accommodated. They reached the loft by means of a ladder, and found Jimmie lying on the floor on "a shakedown." At sight of him, Mr. Todd exclaimed, "There's Jimmie sleeping in all his glory." Jimmie's voice from the floor responded, "Ay, but its hard glory." The second night was spent in the comfortable home of the Laidlaws at Clearwater, and that night they slept on a feather bed between beautifully white sheets, and it was characterized as "soft glory."

On a similar occasion, a night was spent in a shack home in which the open spaces in the roof afforded an opportunity to spend their wakeful hours in studying astronomy.



These trips resulted in the formation of a new Mission Field of which Mr. Todd became the missionary in charge. The field was formed from territory on the other side of the Pembina River, except that one of Mr. Farquharson's appointments was added to it, and in its place he took a new appointment, known as "The Badger." The new arrangement entailed a much longer drive, so that in order to overtake his Sunday work, he usually drove little less than fifty miles. Never, during the well nigh quarter of a century he labored in that district, was he prevented from over-taking his work by frost, and only one Sunday was he kept at home by storm, and that was during our first winter in the province. Old Timers may remember a blizzard that raged from Friday night until Monday morning. On the Sunday morning the pioneer minister went out as usual to harness his horse in preparation for the day's work, but had difficulty in finding his way back from the stable to the house, consequently came to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valor and remained at home.

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Notwithstanding the bursting of the boom, farmers had high expectations of the result of farming operations. The resources of the country seemed without limit. The fertile soil had neither stone nor stump to interfere with the progress of the ploughshare, and the common opinion was that there was always plenty of rain in the month of June (an opinion which time exploded). A railroad was being built, which gave promise of a market at the door. The bracing air and plenty of sunshine no doubt tended to develop optimism. However, it soon became evident that even on these broad fertile plains, "man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow."

Although the country was sparsely settled it had its quota of births and deaths; because of the latter, a cemetery came to be needed. In the fall of 1882 a committee was appointed to select a suitable site. A pretty spot on the bank of a ravine, about half a mile from the village, was selected. Mr. Stephen, a man in middle life, was the first laid to rest in the new plot. He was a victim of that dread disease, tuberculosis, not

so well understood then as it is now, for medical science has made wonderful strides since that time. The second burial was the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Stephenson, and the third, Mrs. Martin, quite an elderly woman and mother of Mrs. James Fraser. Mr. Farquharson laid these three to rest in the new burial plot. Before his ministry in the district came to an end, he had stood beside the open grave of many and many a loved one, whose mortal remains were laid to rest in that sacred spot, and there now, he too is at rest—sleeping in the midst of those he loved so well.

In so large a parish pastoral visiting was no small task. As far as the pioneer minister was concerned, we had church union at that early date, as he visited all settlers, irrespective of creed and color, and many an amusing incident we witnessed. We were sometimes urged to "visit them often" as we had "nothing else to do." Little did they know of the days of toil from early morning until late at night, spent by the pioneer minister. Little did they know of the days, nay weeks, spent on the frontier of our new land, in the hope that he might in some small way, help to lay its foundations in the righteousness which alone makes a nation great. Little did they know of the midnight hours spent in clerical labor in the general work of the church. How could they know! But it mattered not to him, who knew or did not know, if only the days, which grew into long years, were spent in serving the people of this Western land, and thus serving his Master.

Even though the country was new and there were comparatively few old people, yet there was sickness, and considerable sick visiting was done, as sickness made a strong appeal to the minister's sympathetic nature. I remember in the very early days, three men scarcely past middle age, who were all ill with cancer. All had come from the County of Lanark, Ontario. The many miles between the homes, did not prevent frequent visits from their minister. During their illness he was called for a time to other work in Winnipeg. Before leaving home he visited each to say goodbye, at least for a short time. Mr. Taylor was deeply affected when he bade him goodbye, and with quavering voice said, "I hoped you would be here to say a few words at my funeral." Fortunately the minister came

home for the Christmas holidays. During that week Mr. Taylor died, and the minister was present to say the few words Mr. Taylor so much desired.

A few years after Mr. Taylor's death there was a double wedding in the home—two of his daughters were married. The minister who laid the father to rest performed the ceremony for both. They had been small girls when bereft of a father's care. This was not the only case in which the pioneer minister laid a parent to rest, and also performed the marriage ceremony for a daughter or son. After our return to Pilot Mound in the evening of life, it was quite common to meet young people who reminded Dr. Farquharson that he had married their parents, and baptised themselves. He also baptised grandchildren of people he had married.

There was no blue Monday in the pioneer minister's life. Every Monday morning he rose with the lark, as he did every other morning, and each day was filled to the full.

Visits to Winnipeg in connection with the work of the church were necessary occasionally. In order to reach Winnipeg it was necessary to drive to Emerson. One of these visits was undertaken in very cold weather. Mr. Farquharson set out wrapped in buffalo coat and robes, but the coats were not then furnished with storm collars, and the low collar was poor protection against the fierce blasts the wearer often encountered. The drive to Emerson occupied the greater part of two days, and the night had to be spent with the Mennonites. The frost had nipped the traveller's nose, and the kindly Mennonite protected it with poor man's plaster. Unfortunately it was again frozen by the cold of the second day, so that when he reached Winnipeg, his face was badly disfigured. His ministerial brethren jocularly accused him of having been in a row, but the hotel man where he put up was full of sympathy, and gave him free lodging during his stay in the city.

Public Health Nurses were unknown, but the gentle Mrs. Blackburn, skilled in the art of nursing by long experience, was a ministering angel, who frequently smoothed the pillow and nursed the sick back to health. Many a mother and little infant in those pioneer days, owed her a debt of gratitude.

In the early days we had no medical skill, but after a time Doctor McCracken came, and gave good service for a year or two. Dr. Riddell, who settled at Crystal City, was a real Dr. McClure. His field covered as large a territory as that of the pioneer minister. Both drove many miles at the call of sickness or sorrow, undaunted by the length of the distance, bad roads or "forty below zero."

The minister was a welcome visitor in the sick room. A sympathetic kindly understanding of sorrow and weakness, gently and lovingly expressed, were as balm to many a sufferer. A text from which he found comfort for himself, and frequently used to comfort others was: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee: and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shall not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

The prayer meetings, especially the one in the Goudney District, deserves special mention. Rain or shine the minister never failed to be there, and his services were much appreciated by a loyal people. I frequently accompanied him to these well attended gatherings. ~~Sometimes the weather was biting cold~~ and the night dark. I remember his having to get out of the cutter and tramp around to find the road. The night was too dark to see the track, and only by feeling a harder substance with his feet could he discern the difference between road and prairie.

Even after the railroad came there was much driving, especially across country to such points as Cartwright, Carman, Miami, Baldur, south to Snowflake, and other places, so that old Tom, and later Hattie, Bell and Jean, and their driver were well known to the people of Southern Manitoba.

In the early days many couples were married in our home, some very young girls, as was very natural with girls so few and so many bachelor homesteaders in need of a housekeeper.

I recollect a couple, each bearing the name of Scarth—when statistics were being taken, the fact was revealed that both parents of bride and bridegroom

were Scarths. Probably because of his excitement, the bridegroom forgot the customary wedding fee. A few days later the doorbell rang, I answered it and there stood our bridegroom. Without waiting to bid me the time of day, he asked, "How much does he charge?" It was a moment before I took in the situation.

A few couples evidently did not think a job of such brevity required a fee. However, on the whole the weddings were a very human and satisfactory part of the minister's community and church service in which the fee was the less serious part.

The marriage of old Jacob, the Swiss, was one in which the residents of our small town were interested. No one ever called him by his second name. He was Jacob, Jake, or the Gopher. He dug the wells and excavated the cellars, and when his back became sore because of much digging, he neither anointed it with oil nor put a plaster on it, but to use his own words, "Me just take a leetle wiskey."

When it became apparent that Jacob was likely to take to himself a wife, the boys were ready to give advice. He was digging out a cellar for us, and they told him if he would dig Mr. Farquharson's cellar for him without pay, he would treat him in like generous manner when the wedding day came. For some reason the choice of a day had to be between a Friday or Saturday, but as Jacob was a Roman Catholic he chose the latter, explaining that he must have a feast on his wedding day, and he did not wish to break the rules of his church by feasting on Friday. So on a Saturday evening Jacob and his lady wended their way to our home. The young people were on the outlook, and a little later we noticed curious eyes trying to peer through our window, to see how the pair would conduct themselves during the ceremony. Jacob took the people at their word regarding the fee, but when the cellar was completed he received his wages for his work. However, when Jacob settled down he proved himself a good gardener, and sent us frequently fruits of his tillage of soil.

When he was working for us, one day the minister happened to pass by when Jacob was taking a

drink from his bottle. Mr. Farquharson said, "Oh, Jacob, you would be better without that stuff." Jacob replied, "No, no, its goot, its goot, Mr. Farquharson, you take a leetle" and he held out the bottle.

Weddings, funerals, birthdays, gala days, social gatherings, good crops, crop failures, material prosperity and disappointments—thus joys and sorrows, laughter and tears, hopes and fears, blended in these pioneer days, and the minister and his wife shared in all. Could the pastoral tie be anything less than tender and strong?

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In 1886 the long looked for railroad reached Pilot Mound, and put new life into the settlers.

It was for the C. P. R. to say on what spot the railway station should be erected. A townsite was surveyed into lots and the buildings from the old site moved to the new site. The first little town nestled at the foot of the mound, that sentinel that still stands as a noble landmark, and a height from which to view the beauties of the surrounding country. How often had we driven friends to its top, and on a clear day been well rewarded. The woods skirting the Pembina River formed a beautiful background on the northern side. Winding trails and varying hues of grass and growing grain were to be seen everywhere, while to the south twenty miles distant, there was visible a sister elevation, Star Mound.

At either side of the Mound nestled a little lake. For one of these Mr. Fraser, the "town proprietor" provided a little row boat. I recollect being out in the boat with my small brother, and much to his delight the waves driven by the wind dashed over us.

It was of this old sentinel that Rev. John Brown wrote:

And when you cross yon turbid stream,  
That flows Pembina's banks between,  
Far to the westward may be seen  
A hill top round,  
Surrounded by vast prairies green,  
Great Pilot Mound.

The old town was built on the unbroken prairie sod and we had little mud. When the houses were

moved from the old town to the new, they were set down on a stubble field, which when spring time came revealed the adhesive quality of Manitoba's soil.

Notwithstanding frost and drought the new country progressed, school sections were organized, school houses built, private homes gave place to schools for the Sunday services and the minister's large parish was reduced in extent.

The new town began to boom, elevators, stores and a new school, having four rooms, were built. Churches soon followed, and the pioneer minister held services both morning and evening as soon as the church was completed, but still retained Floral and Woodbay, two outside appointments. His people were ambitious to have a church bell and money was subscribed for that purpose. But alas for the fond hopes of hearing the church bell ring to gather the people together for worship. Frost came that fall and even to this day there is no bell.

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Mr. Farquharson's work had never been confined to the limits of his own parish. The needs of settlements beyond claimed his attention. He and Dr. James Robertson, Superintendent of Missions for Manitoba and the North West Territories, made many journeys together organizing mission fields and heartening the settlers. One of these trips was made in the month of December, with the thermometer "at forty below." Tom was hitched to the cutter and they were away three or four days. The first night was spent at a stopping place the reputation of which was that guests leaving it, ate voraciously and bought new underwear at the next stop. Their room was about as cold as the outside air and what was worse the blankets were pre-empted. The sitting room stove was already surrounded by shakedown. There was nothing for it but to swing their arms, stamp their feet, keep circulation going somewhat and let the weary night wear through. "I fear you gentlemen did not sleep well last night," said the host in the morning. "I ordered clean sheets." "The sheets were clean" they admitted, "but there was more in the blankets than we bargained for."

Early in the history of the new country Mr. Farquharson had been appointed Secretary of the Synod's

Home Mission Committee—the Synod extending from the Great Lakes to the mountains. The office work of the secretary dealt largely with facts and figures, which to the casual observer may seem dull and uninteresting but to one familiar with the difficulties with which the settlers had to contend, became clothed in flesh and blood, and instead of dullness and monotony, there was satisfaction and even joy. Memory recalls him at his desk poring over his books many a night, in his determination that every statement should be accurate. Our neighbor, Mr. Endicott, used to say: "The light is burning in Dr. Farquharson's study when I go to bed at night, and it is burning when I get up in the morning." Occasionally I glanced at his neatly kept books and sometimes threatened to report him to the trades unions for working overtime, but my threats were of no avail.

His work as secretary made him familiar with missionary conditions in the three prairie provinces, consequently he was appointed a member of the Assembly's "Home Mission Committee." The committee met annually in Toronto and three or four weeks were spent every spring in attending its meetings. A week was also spent in Winnipeg in preparation for the Assembly's committee. The secretary and the convener of the Western committee, Dr. James Robertson, travelled together to Toronto, as they were the only representatives from Manitoba. These trips with the days of journeying one way devoted to preparation for the work of the committee and the time of the return journey taken up with correspondence, arising out of the committee's decisions were never a holiday. They however, enabled the secretary to make brief visits to his father and other friends in Ontario. In those days trains on the main line of the C. P. R. were frequently delayed by storm. I recollect one spring, in the month of March, when the secretary, returning from Toronto was held up by storm three days at White River. Sometimes too, there were delays on our own line between Winnipeg and Pilot Mound. One of these occasions I never forgot, after working hard in Winnipeg all week, Dr. Farquharson set out for home on a Saturday morning, but it was 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, ere the train reached Pilot



Mound. There was no sleeping accommodation on the train, so that he was very weary. After breakfast he sat down to prepare for his Sabbath day's work. That was before the church was built, when we were worshipping in the Marshall Hall, and Sunday school began at 10 o'clock. I went to it and left the weary man struggling with his sermon. The school over, we were waiting for the service to begin, but no minister came so I went home to see what was the matter. I found that he had been overcome by fatigue and weariness and had fallen fast asleep. It was heartbreaking to waken him and tell him that the congregation had assembled. He arose, went to the hall and preached. Two services with long drives between awaited him for the afternoon and evening.

When Rock Lake Presbytery was organized the pioneer minister was appointed supervisor of its mission work. This office not only provided much work, but was also the cause of much anxiety. However, it brought many of the young men who had charge of the Mission fields to our home. On the whole, they were young fellows of a fine type. Two of them have since become well known authors, R. G. MacBeth of Vancouver, and C. W. Gordon of Winnipeg—better known as Ralph Connor.

J. L. Brown, now representing Lisgar in the Dominion Parliament, also did Missionary work in the district. As they were mostly students, the minister conducted the communion service in their fields, while they supplied his pulpit.

There was much variety in the work of the pioneer minister, which added to the extent of his influence. In the fall of 1886 the Senate of Manitoba College asked him to give his services as lecturer in the college for the full term. Another time he was lecturer in metaphysics for part of a term. For a number of years he was one of the Board of Examiners for Manitoba University. I have in my "archives," University of Manitoba examination papers dated May 1884, prepared and examined by Rev. Canon O'Meara, Rev. Dr. Lavoie and Rev. James Farquharson, B.A. The subjects are "Mental and Moral Science."

The friendship between Dr. Farquharson and Rev. J. M. King, D.D., was very intimate and very warm. Perhaps it was partly due to this intimacy that the former was frequently employed in the educational work of the college. Doctors Hart, Bryce and Baird were also warm personal friends.

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One of the unspeakable pleasures of the work of a pioneer is in the progress he sees all around him, in the circumstances of his people. In 1917 one of our pioneer farmers, Mr. Grassick got out a set of pictures, one showing the evolution of dwelling houses on his own farm, and the other the evolution of driving outfits. The first house was a small log shanty, put together in the quickest possible way; the second a good log building and the third a fine brick residence. The evolution of conveyances is even more marked. There is first the Red River cart, which had nothing of a metallic nature in its construction, every part being of wood, pegs taking the place of nails, and as no grease ever touched the axle, it was usually heard before it was seen. The animal yoked to the cart was a good ox. The second conveyance is a covered buggy, drawn by a span of horses and the third an automobile. In Dr. Farquharson's experience he saw a corresponding improvement in his congregation. In the large districts, at first regarded as being under his charge, there were, when he left, twenty-four years later, five or six self-sustaining congregations. There was also joy in seeing at least some characters deepening, growing in beauty, and there may have been growth in others where it was not so apparent.

At the very beginning of Mr. Farquharson's work, splendid men were appointed to the eldership, and were associated with him as long as they lived. They were James Murdoch, strong and true. William Buchart, a quiet man whose voice was never heard in any public meeting, but a noble man whose judgment was always to be relied on; and Donald Shaw, a Highlander, who in the ordinary sense of the word was not an educated man, yet whose small library consisted of books that would tax the thinking powers of many a university graduate.

Dr. Farquharson considered himself greatly blessed in the lives and work of these men and others like minded in his congregation. These three were the first on whom he leaned for counsel, and perhaps that gave them a higher place in his mind, but Messrs. George Mutch, M. McKellar, M. Blackburn, J. A. Murdoch, Jas. Stuart, W. A. Donald, J. Graham, Robert Atkin, George Thompson, George Paterson, Alex. Murdoch and Dr. Ferguson were men whose services were highly appreciated, and men of high character.

No doubt the very hardships which minister and people shared in those pioneer days drew them closer together. At any rate it was a happy pastorate.

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Probably it was because of Dr. Farquharson's knowledge of the general work of the church that the General Assembly appointed him in 1905 to open up a church office in Winnipeg, for administrative work in connection with the general business of the church. The severing of the pastoral tie was a severe wrench, and to the last, he missed the personal touch which the minister has with his people.

An office was opened up at 317 Portage avenue, Winnipeg. The work was not entirely new to Dr. Farquharson, as he had been doing some of it for years. The office duties were exacting. The contact, especially with young men serving as Missionaries, and later entering the Christian ministry, was interesting and varied and gave the church officer many opportunities of personal touch which frequently developed into warm friendship.

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Meantime his old parishioners did not forget their first minister, and they never lost their place in his heart. Fifteen years later, when failing vitality made it desirable for the old minister to retire from the active duties of life, they called him back at eventide to rest where his work had begun forty years earlier. In a cozy little home, the gift of those still in life, who loved him, we spent five happy peaceful years.

On April 15th, 1925, he fell asleep. On the 18th he was laid to rest in the cemetery on the banks of the ravine beside many an old pioneer parishioner—men and women who had proved themselves heroes in overcoming difficulties, and in laying foundations worthy of a great people.

In the midst of quiet falling rain, they laid him gently down. Was the rain symbolic of the watering afresh of the seed he had sown?

Representatives of the General Assembly Synod and Presbytery were present, to bear testimony to the work and worth of their old friend and counsellor.

Courage, vision, unselfishness, patience, and love, were outstanding characteristics of the work of the "Pioneer Minister."

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*"He rests from his labors and his works do follow him"*

